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NURSERY STORIES AND RHYMES

FOR
BY EDITH POULSSON



THE
HOME
AND
KINDERGARTEN



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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



A PLEASANT HOUR IN THE NURSERY.

NURSERY STORIES AND RHYMES

FOR THE HOME AND KINDERGARTEN

Including "Nurse Karen's Norway Tales," and "All for Baby," complete; with
a collection of short stories and rhymes

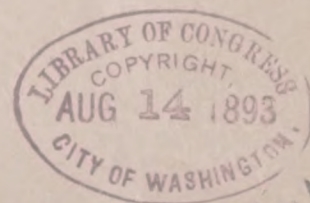
BY
EMILIE POULSSON

AUTHOR OF "NURSERY FINGER PLAYS"

*FULLY ILLUSTRATED BY L. J. BRIDGMAN
AND OTHERS*

BOSTON
D. LOTHROP COMPANY

1893



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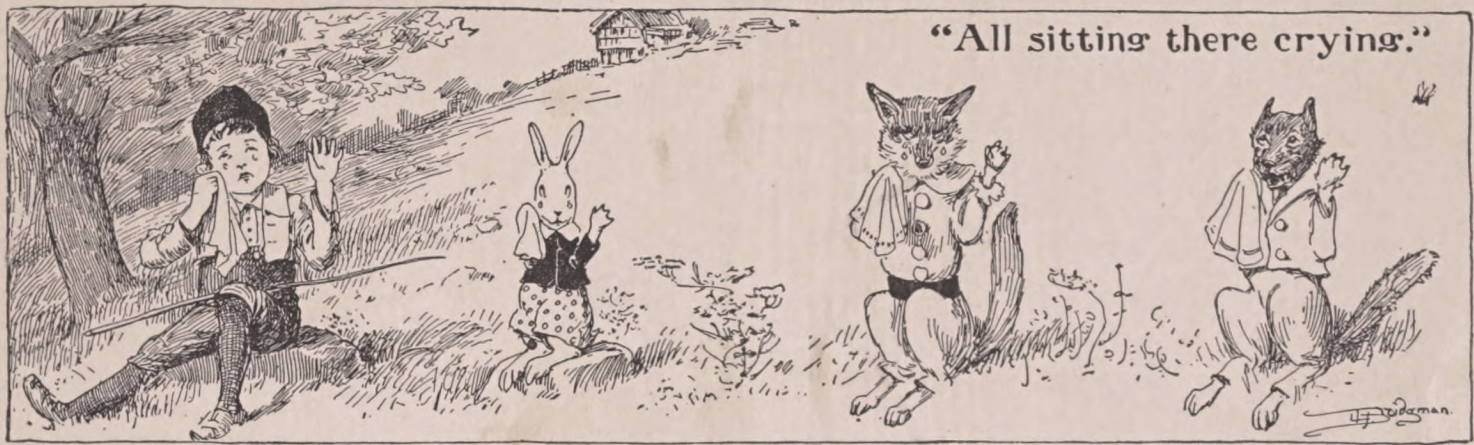
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NURSE KAREN'S NORWAY TALES



THE THREE GOATS.

"Now you shall hear!" said Nurse Karen one day to Bobby and Sue and the Baby. "Now you shall hear the story of 'The Three Goats.'"

"There was once a Boy who had three Goats. One night, when he went to meet them, the frisky things leaped into a turnip field and he could not get them out. Then the Boy sat down on the hillside and cried.

"As he sat there a Hare came along. 'Why do you cry?' asked the Hare.

"I cry because I can't get

the Goats out of the field,' answered the Boy.

"*'I'll do it,'* said the Hare. So he tried, but the Goats would not come. Then the Hare, too, sat down and cried.

"Along came a Fox.

"*'Why do you cry?'* asked the Fox.

"*'I am crying because the Boy cries,'* said the Hare; 'and the Boy is crying because he cannot get the Goats out of the turnip field.'

"*'I'll do it,'* said the Fox.

"So the Fox tried, but the

Goats would not come. Then the Fox also sat down and cried.

“Soon after, a Wolf came along. ‘Why do you cry?’ asked the Wolf. ‘I am crying because the Hare cries,’ said the Fox; ‘and the Hare cries because the Boy cries; and the Boy cries because he can’t get the Goats out of the turnip field.’ ‘*I’ll* do it!’ said the Wolf. He tried; but the Goats would not leave the field.

Wolf. ‘I am crying because the Fox cries; and the Fox cries because the Hare cries; and the Hare cries because the Boy cries; and the Boy cries because he can’t get the Goats out of the turnip field.’

“‘*I’ll* do it!’ said the Bee.

“Then the big Animals and the Boy all stopped crying a moment to laugh at the tiny Bee. *He* do it, indeed, when they could not! But the tiny



So he sat down beside the others and began to cry too.

“After a little, a Bee flew over the hill and saw them all sitting there crying. ‘Why do you cry?’ said the Bee to the

Bee flew away into the turnip field and lit upon one of the Goats and said,

“‘Buz-z-z-z!’

“And out ran the Goats, every one!” said Nurse Karen.



THE BREAKFAST SONG.

(Nurse Karen's Norway Tales.)

“Don’t you know a song for breakfast time, Nurse Karen?” asked Sue one morning, as she and the Baby sat at the little nursery table.

“Ah, yes!” she said. “In my country we have a little song about the milk. Are you all ready to eat this nice porridge? Well, then, now you shall hear:

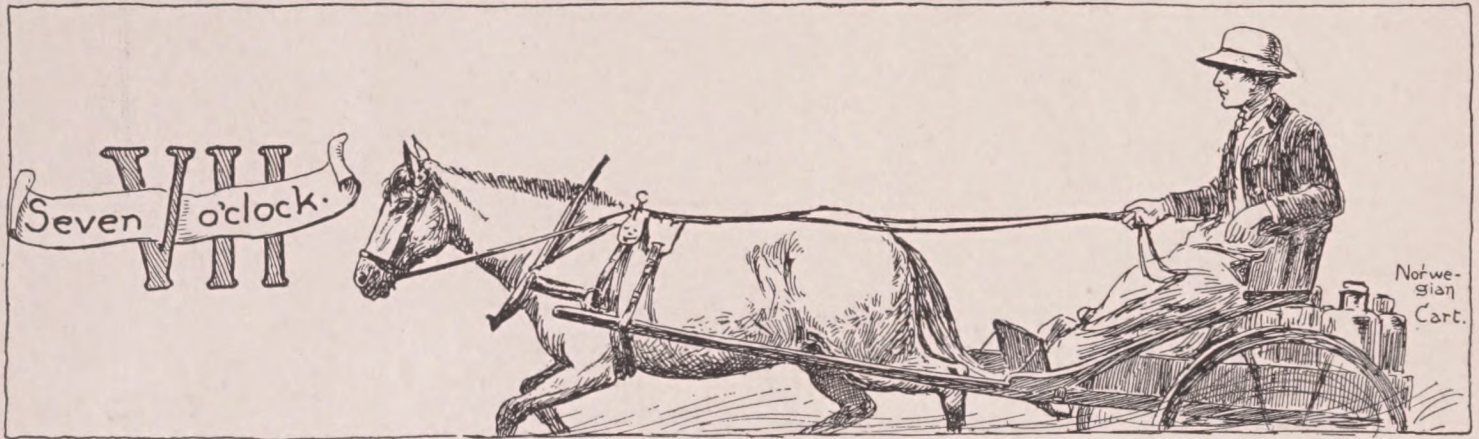


Nurse Karen smiled. She was just bringing in the pitcher of milk.

“At five o’clock he milks the
cow,
The busy farmer’s man.

At six o'clock he strains the
milk
And pours it in the can.

feet. And when she sang
the last verse she poured some
more milk into Baby's cup.

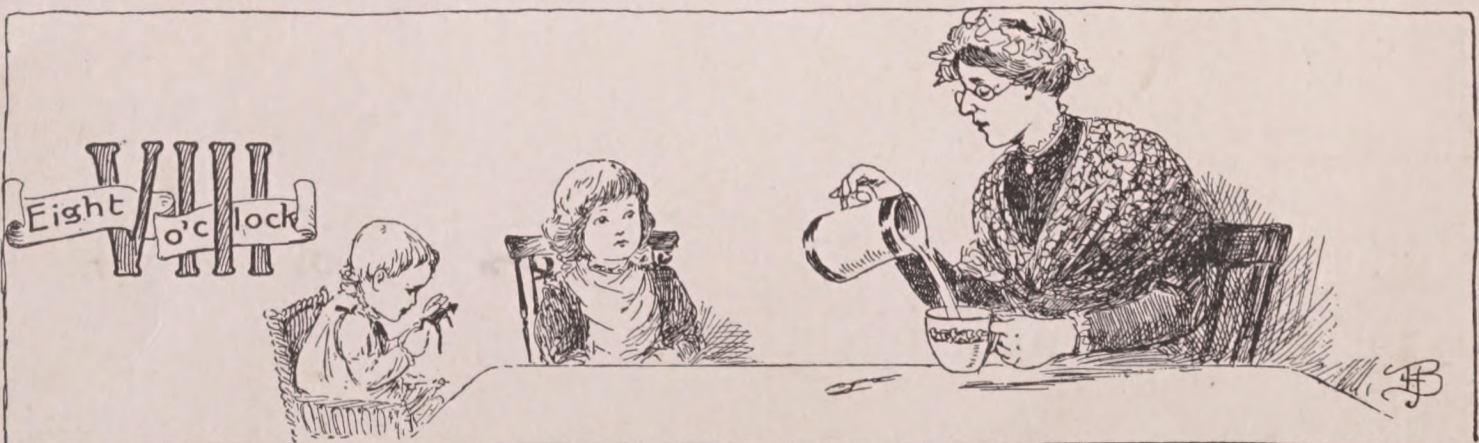


At seven o'clock the milk-
man's horse
Must go to town — 'get up!'
At eight o'clock Nurse Karen
pours
The milk in Baby's cup."

"Oh! do sing it again," said
Sue. So Nurse Karen sang
it again, and when she came to
the last verse this time Sue's
cup was empty; so Nurse
Karen sang:

When Nurse Karen sang
about the milkman's horse she
made a great tramping with her

"At eight o'clock Nurse Karen
pours
The milk in *Susie's* cup."



THE NURSERY BLACKSMITH.

“Pitty, patty, polt,
Shoe the wild colt;
Here a nail, and there a nail,
Pitty, patty, polt.”

“See how Baby laughs,
Nurse, when I play this!”
said Bobby, as he patted the
baby’s pink feet while Nurse
Karen was opening the little
crib. “It’s out of my Mother
Goose book, and mamma used
to play it with me when I was
little. Do the children have a
Mother Goose book in Nor-
way, Nurse Karen?”

“Not like yours,” said Nurse
Karen; “but we have a play
something like that one.”

“Oh! show us! Do show
us!” said Sue and Bobby.

So Nurse Karen took Baby

in her lap and patted the soles
of her feet in time to the music
as she sang:

“Shoe Dobbin! shoe Dobbin!
With hammer and tongs;
Such shoeing as this
To the blacksmith belongs.

“Shoe Dobbin! shoe Dobbin!
The nails must be tight,
For we’ve a long journey
To travel to-night.”

“There!” tossing Baby into
the crib. “Now go your long
journey through Dreamland, lit-
tle dear. Sue and Bobby will
be on the way soon,” she said.

“And play we are little, and
‘Shoe Dobbin’ for us before
we go, will you, Nurse?”

“We’ll play that undressing is having the harness taken off. Bobby is a wonderful trick pony who can unharness himself,” said Nurse; “but Sue is not trained yet, so I will attend to her; after that I will be the blacksmith and shoe you both.”

being shod was a jolly process.

Then Nurse Karen went to Bobby’s bed, where he lay waving his feet in the air.

“The trick pony’s shoes must



Sue was soon ready, and had thrust her feet out from between the blankets before Nurse had time to say, “Now you shall hear;” and Sue’s squeals of delight showed that

be *very* firm,” said Nurse; singing the little rhyme again; she patted and thumped Bobby’s sturdy feet, and gave each toe a sharp little tweak, as if trying them to see if they were tight. Oh! she was a merry blacksmith, I can tell you!



THE EVENING PRAYER.

CHICKENS IN TROUBLE.



“O mother, mother! I’m so cold!”

One little chicken grumbled.

“And, mother!” cried a second chick,

“Against a stone I’ve stumbled.”

“And oh! I am so sleepy now,”

Another chick was moaning;

While chicken fourth, of tired wings,

Kept up a constant groaning.

“And, mother! I have such a pain!”

Peeped out the chicken baby;

“That yellow meal did taste so good,

I’ve eaten too much, may be.”

“And there’s a black, black cloud up there,”

Cried all in fear and wonder;





“O mother dear, do spread
your wings
And let us all creep under.”

“There, there, my little dears,
come here;
Your cries are quite distress-
ing,”

The mother called, and spread
her wings
For comfort and caressing.

And soon beneath her feathers
warm,
The little chicks were hud-
dled;

“I know what ailed you all,”
she said,
“You wanted to be cuddled.”

And as they nestled cosily
And hushed their weak com-
plaining,
She told them that the black,
black cloud
Was quite too small for
raining.



And one by one they all were
soothed,
And out again went straying,
Until five happy little chicks
Were in the farmyard play
ing.





SUE AND BOBBY CATCH FISH.

ROW, ROW! A-FISHING GO.

“What are you singing, Nurse Karen?” asked Bobby, as he came into the nursery where she sat mending and singing as she worked. Baby had just been put into the crib for a nap.

“It is only a little song we sing to sleepy children in

my own country,” said Nurse Karen. “Shall I sing it to you?”

“Yes, please, Nursie. In the queer words first, and then tell what it means.”

Nurse Karen smiled, and sang without delay, first in the “queer words,” as the children

called her own language, and then in words they could understand :

“ Row, row ! A-fishing go !
How many fishes, I pray, can
you show ? ”

“ One for the father,
And one for the mother,
One for the sister,
And one for the brother ;
One little fish is still left, you
see,
And that one the fisherman’s
share shall be.”

The children were pleased with the song, and Bobby immediately said :

“ Let’s play it, Sue ! I’ll

go fishing, and you can ask me how many fish I caught.”

“ O, no, Bobby ! I want to go in the boat with you and help you row.”

“ And you can come to me with your fish, Bobby,” said Nurse Karen.

So Sue and Bobby sat down on the floor and pretended to row and catch fish, and then to row home again.

They had pieces of paper for fishes.

The first time Bobby only caught four, so there was no little fish for the fisherman’s share ; but you may be sure he took care to have five fishes every time after that.



THE WONDERFUL HAY-MAKING.

The Squirrel.



“Oh! we’ve had such fun this afternoon, Nurse Karen,” said Bobby.

“So?” said Nurse Karen. “And what did you play?”

“We didn’t play; we worked, Sue and I, just like the men. We worked in the hayfield, and then rode into the barn on top of the big load of hay.”

“In my country,” said Nurse Karen, “we have a song about a wonderful hay-making.”

“Oh! do you, Nursie? And will you sing it for us? Please do!” And Bobby and Sue sat down close at Nurse Karen’s side.

And Nurse Karen said, “Yes, yes, good children; now you shall hear about the wonderful hay-making.

“The squirrel went out in the meadow to mow,
So merry and blithe,
With his glittering scythe;

The Raven.



And still as he mowed, he was chattering so.



LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE NURSERY.

Oh! the squirrel went out in
the meadow to mow.

“The raven went with him to
rake up the hay,
The rake in his claw;

The crow dragged the cart
And the cat did her part;
For she drove the hay-cart, and
said, “Mew, mew, mew!”
Oh! the crow and the cat to
the meadow went, too.



Such a sight you ne'er saw!
And still as he raked he was
croaking away.

Oh! the raven went with him
to rake up the hay.

“The crow and the cat to the
meadow went, too,

“The children went out in the
meadow to see,
But squirrel was done,
And the raven was gone.

The crow and the pussy cat,
where could they be?

Oh! the children went out in
the meadow to see.”

BABY'S RIDE.

Bobby and Sue were going to a picnic with their papa and mamma. They had been chatting about it in great glee all the time they were being dressed to go ; but Baby had been happy enough with her playthings, paying no attention to what was said, until Sue called out " There are the horses ! Hurry, Bobby ! "

Then indeed did Baby understand that something delightful was in prospect.

She scrambled to her feet and trotted towards the nursery door, calling out " Wide ! wide ! " which of course meant " Ride ! ride ! "

But poor Baby ! she was not to go this time ; and I must confess that she cried

loudly after the carriage drove away, till Nurse Karen said, " Who will ride to the miller's house ? " and took Baby upon her knee.

Baby forgot her disappointment in an instant, for " Riding to the miller's house " was her favorite play.

Trot ! trot ! trot ! Away they went at a fine pace, while Nurse Karen sang :

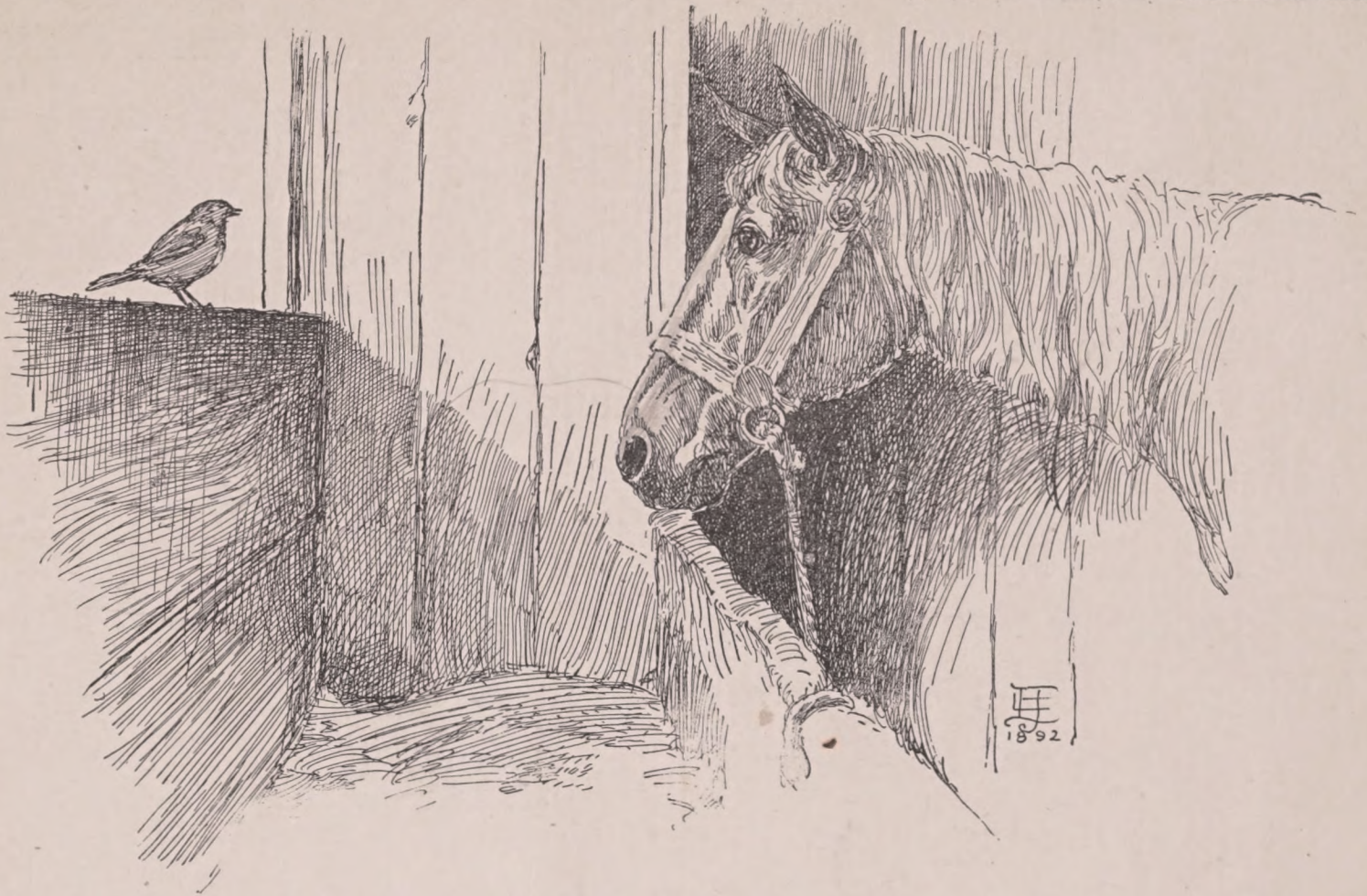
" Ride, and ride away
Till we reach the miller's house ;
No one is at home,
But a morsel of a mouse.

" The miller grinds the corn
For Bobby and for Sue ;
The rooster flaps his wings,
Singing ' Cock-a-doodle do ! ' "



RIDING TO THE MILLER'S HOUSE.

You may imagine that the end of the song was jolly, for Nurse Karen flapped her arms against her sides and crowed as much like a real rooster as she could. Baby enjoyed it.



IN THE STALL.

THE GRATEFUL SPARROW.

Bobby had had the earache. But although the pain had stopped he had to lie still lest it should begin again; so it was a good time for a story.

“Now you shall hear,” said Nurse Karen, putting up her forefinger, “now you shall hear how kind two friends were

to each other, though one was big and the other little.

“The big horse was standing quietly in his stall, resting, and thinking of going to sleep, when suddenly he heard a whirr of wings, and the next moment a tiny sparrow perched on the edge of his manger.

“ ‘Chee! chee! How hungry I am!’ chirped the wee thing. ‘Your manger is so full, Dobbin dear, won’t you let me have some of your oats? Such a little will do for me! Just one little grain or two; and there will be plenty left for you — more than you can eat.’ And the sparrow hovered over the tempting oats, looking up coaxingly at the big horse.

“ ‘Take all you wish, little bird,’ said Dobbin kindly. We may both feast, and there will still be some left.’

“ Then the two friends ate and ate of the delicious oats till they both were satisfied.

“ By and by the summer came. Even in the dim stable it was very hot, and oh! how trouble-

some the flies were. Poor Dobbin had no rest from their stinging and biting. But one day he heard a whirr of wings, and the next moment his little friend Sparrow perched on the edge of his manger.

“ ‘I do not come begging this time,’ she chirped. ‘Chee! chee! No, indeed. I can get my own living in the summer time. But now I will show what I can do for you.’

“ Then you should have seen how the sparrow darted about and how she snapped at the flies. And every day through the whole summer the sparrow came and caught the tormenting flies so that they could not hurt and tease Dobbin any more.”



~Bobby~



WHAT THE CAT SAID.

Bobby and Sue and the Baby had had their tea, and it was now almost bedtime.

“What shall we play, Bobby?” asked Sue.

Bobby had thrown himself flat on the floor, and lay there lazily stretched out.

“I don’t feel like playing,” said he. “It’s warm, and I’ve just had my tea, and I feel lazy and sleepy.”

“Aha!” said Nurse Karen, “that is just what the cat said.”

“What cat?” and “Oh! a story, a story!” said Bobby and Sue together.

“Not much of a story,” said Karen; “but a funny little rhyme written by a great man. Off with your clothes, now, and I will tell you about the cat as soon as you are in bed.”

In a very little while the children were ready.

“Now you shall hear,” said Nurse Karen:

“The sun in the west
Was sinking to rest,

Four big bits of fish
Cut up on a dish,
I found on the cook's pantry
shelf;



The lazy old cat.



When the lazy old cat,
Half-asleep on the mat,
Began thus to talk to herself.

“Two fat tender mice,
And cream sweet and nice,

These made me a very good
meal.

Now, not a bit hungry I feel;
But lazy and sleepy — and
very well fed,
The cat said.”

THE STORY OF THE TWO DOGS.

Bobby and Sue had been in the house all day on account of the rain. They had had all the old toys down from the top shelf of the toy closet, and had played everything they could think of, and were wondering

couldn't you play with us a little while?"

"This is my busy time, you know, children," answered Nurse Karen. "I must get all things ready for the night now.

"But I can sing and work, and we can play 'The Two Dogs,' if you wish. Baby shall ride on the rocking horse, and Sue shall be the little dog, and Bobby the big dog."

"O, goody!" said Bobby; "and what shall we do?"

"You must be chained, and then do just as the song tells you."

When they were all ready — Baby on the horse and Bobby and Sue chained by



what to do next when Nurse Karen came into the nursery with Baby.

"Oh! tell us something to play, Nursie," said Sue; "or

the window seat — Nurse
Karen sang:

“ I see a big horse and a child
is astride,

And where, and oh !
where shall the
little one ride ?

“ Away to the palace
he gallops afar,
And out to the park
where the royal
dogs are.

“ There under a bench, gnaw-
ing hard at their chain,
They bark and they growl and
then both bark again.

“ The little dog barks in a fine
little voice,

‘ *Bow-wow-wow !* ’

The bigger dog barks with a
very loud noise,
‘ Bow, wow, wow ! ’ ”



Sue's "fine little voice" was
such a funny little squeak, that
Nurse Karen could scarcely
finish the song for laughing;
while Bobby's "Bow, wow,
wow!" was as noisy and gruff
as any one could wish to hear.



FEEDING THE BIRDS.

Sue stood at the nursery window watching the falling snowflakes. Papa had said there was to be a big snow-storm.

“Karen, everything is white now, and the snow is getting so deep! Do come and see! And, O, Karen! there are some birds, too.”

“So?” said Nurse Karen, as she went to the window. “Then you have the little winter birds in America? We love them much in Norway, and our little children are very kind to them.”

“What do the children do?” asked Sue.

“That shall you hear in a story,” said Nurse Karen, taking Sue in her lap.

“It was a bitterly cold winter, and everything was covered with snow and ice. A little girl named Inga, used every day to get bread and scatter crumbs over the snow for the poor hungry birds. They would fly down in great flocks all about her. Inga’s hands nearly froze as she stood there in the icy wind; but she was so happy that she never thought of the cold.

“Inga’s father and mother were glad to see that their little daughter was so kind and thoughtful for the birds, but her father said, ‘Why do you do that, Inga?’

“‘Oh!’ said Inga, ‘there is so much snow that the birds can find nothing to eat.’

“‘Yes; but you cannot possibly feed them all,’ said her father.

“Little Inga smiled and said: ‘No; I can’t feed them all; but there are many other little children all over the world who will like to feed them. And so, father, if I give crumbs to the birdies here, and other children give crumbs in other places, all the dear little birds will be fed, won’t they, father?’

“And that is the whole of the story, I believe,” concluded Nurse Karen.

Sue looked up into her face, and then ran towards the window.

“O, Nursie!” said she, “the birds are here yet. May

I have some bread to give them?”

After that Sue used often



HELPING INGA FEED THE BIRDS.

to scatter crumbs on the snow, and liked to call it helping Inga feed the birds.

A CHRISTMAS RIDDLE.

Listen, listen, children dear,
Now a riddle you shall hear.



As you hear it ponder well,
See who can the answer tell.

There's a tree so dear to all,
Sometimes large and some-
times small.

Forests may be dull and drear,
This tree is a-bloom with
cheer.

Fresh and green its branches
show

Though the world be white
with snow.

Birdies find a shelter warm
'Mong its boughs from wintry
storm.

Trunk it has, but has no roots,
Yet it bears most wondrous
fruits.



Some delicious are and sweet ;
Some no one could ever eat.

A CHRISTMAS RIDDLE.



All the fruit is in
its prime
At one certain happy
time.

Oh! what joy and mirth
abound
Where this wondrous tree is
found.

'Round it pretty songs are sung,
'Tis a joy to old and young.
'Tis the children's special tree;
Can you tell its name to me?





Grace Brownell Peck.

THE BABIES' CORNER.

MY NEW DAY.



To-day has come: and I
In this new day will try
To do with earnest mind
Whatever work I find.

In all my work and play
I'll try my best to-day
In gentleness to speak,
For others' joy to seek.

And all the whole day long
I'll try with purpose strong,
To keep my spirit true,
And deeds of love to do.

I WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

Oh! I would be a gentleman,
One without alloy;
And the way, they say,
Is to be each day
A gentlemanly boy.





SANTA'S REPROOF.

(Before Christmas.)



“Hurrah! hurrah! for Christmas time,”
said merry little Jack.

“I think old Santa Claus will soon
begin to fill his pack.

I hope he'll bring a lot of things, espe-
cially for me,

And fill my stockings to the top as full
as full can be.

But then, my stockings don't hold much; they're too small,
I declare!

A giant's stocking would be grand. I wish I had a pair.

Now Jimmy Jenkins has a plan to get a good supply:

He hangs his grandma's stockings up. But I'm afraid to try,

For Santa might forget, you see, with so much on his mind,
And leave a lot of grandma's things which I should hate
to find.

Perhaps a case for spectacles, a cap and darning ball,

A pincushion, a neckerchief, a
little shoulder shawl.

O, yes! I know the kind of
things that grandma gets
each year;

And though they suit her very
well, they'd make a boy
feel queer."

At last, one day, Jack said with
glee, "I have a plan that
suits:

On Christmas Eve I'll hang up both my new long rubber
boots."

(Christmas Eve.)

Well! Christmas Eve came on apace; and over all the land
The children hung their stockings up. And Jack, as he had
planned,

Hung up his great long rubber boots; then went away to bed
With only selfish, greedy thoughts still in his little head.

And when the children all had gone to slumberland away,
Then merrily did Santa Claus jump in his loaded sleigh.



“Get up, my little reindeer, now! Bestir your tiny hoofs!
Now gallop at your swiftest pace till we're among the roofs.”
A bound, a whizz, a whirr! and then beside a chimney top,
In less time than it takes to wink, these knowing reindeer stop;

For they are shod with fairy
shoes and run at fairies' pace,
Else how could Santa in one
night leave gifts at every
place?



Thus speeding on, the rein-
deer reached the roof
that sheltered Jack,
And Santa Claus, with
knowing look, drew
something from his
pack.

A cloud came o'er his jolly face, so ruddy and so glad.
“This is the kind of work,” he sighed, “that makes a body
sad.

But still, I really must try my little friend to cure,
For greediness is such a fault! and one I can't endure.
I know it's not quite delicate—the way that I have planned—
But 'tis a way the little chap will surely understand.
And though I give him all the toys I can from out my pack,
He'll know I see his greediness. Poor, foolish little Jack!”
Then down into the chimney—pop! and up and out—and then
The reindeer, Santa Claus and all were on their way again.

(Christmas Morning.)

Ho, ho! the merry Christmas shouts, the racket and the noise
As all the stockings are unpacked by eager girls and boys.
Jack tumbled out of bed in haste and to the chimney ran
To see the splendid lot of toys he'd gained by his new plan.
Right eagerly he plunged his hand into the boot with glee,



And pulled out — never would you guess! — a great big pasteboard P.

“What’s that for?” wondered little Jack; “well, I’ll see by and by;”

And then his hand brought from the boot a great big pasteboard I.

“Perhaps it’s some new game!” said Jack, as puzzled as could be;

“I’ll try again!” and next he got a great big pasteboard G.

The letters, sprawled upon the floor, too plainly spelled a word —

The strangest gift from Santa Claus of which I ever heard!

Jack looked and looked; then all at once it came into his
mind

Just why old Santa Claus had left these letters three behind.

So Jackie sadly turned away, repentant and ashamed;

But, looking toward his other boot, he suddenly exclaimed:

“Why! that boot’s full of toys and things!—oh, Santa Claus,
you dear!

To give me something, after all, besides those letters queer!”

And now I’ve told my Christmas tale and kept no sad truth
back,

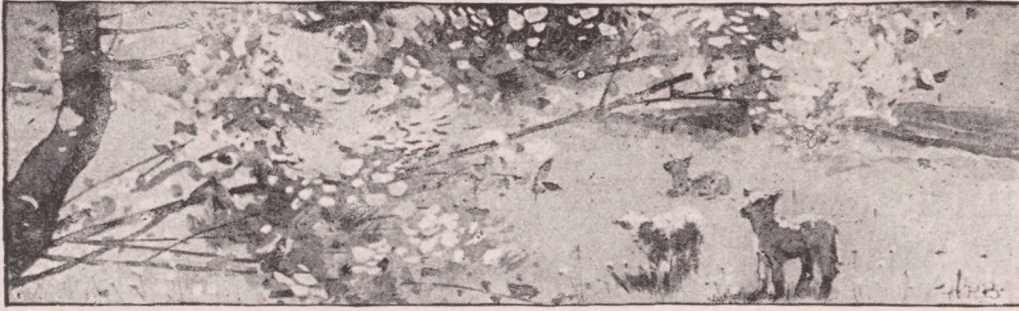
That children may a warning take from greedy little Jack,

And hang their stockings with content however small they be,

That Santa never more may need to use those letters three.



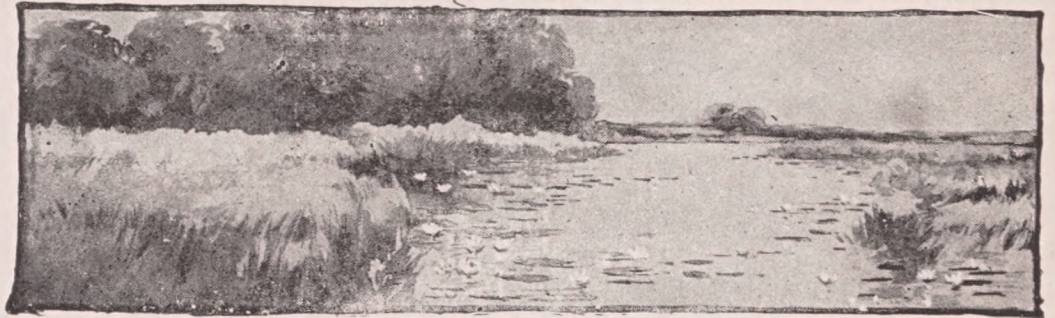
THE SEASONS.



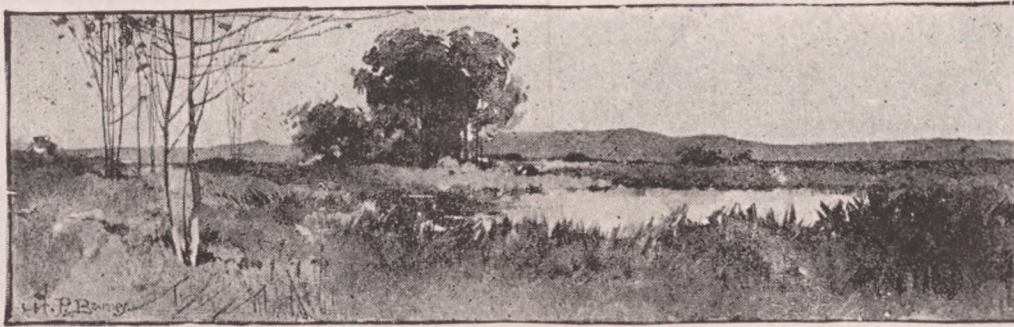
SPRING.

January, February,
Winter months
are they;
Then comes on the
springtime —
March, April, May.

June, July and Au-
gust,
Thus the summer
speeds;
Next we greet the au-
tumn —
Gay September
leads.



SUMMER.



AUTUMN.

October and Novem-
ber
Follow in her
train;
Then with white
December
Winter comes
again.



WINTER.

ALL FOR BABY

THE STORY OF BABY'S SHIRT.

In a field the flaxplant grew,
Decked with blossoms brightly
blue;

And the flax all summer long
Laid its fibres straight and
strong.

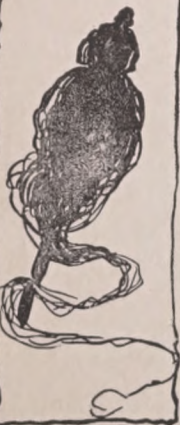
By and by the reapers there
Gathered all the flax with care;
And the spinner said with glee,
“Here at last is work for me.”

Then the spinning-wheel went
round

With a busy whirring sound,
Changing, changing as it sped
All the flax to linen thread.

Then the weaver said with
glee,

“Here at last is work for me;
All this thread I will combine
Into linen soft and fine.”

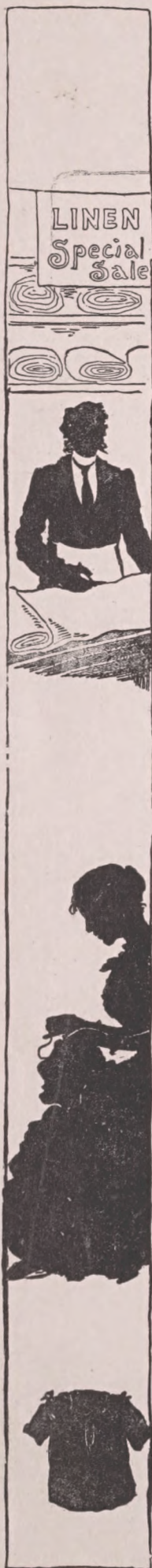


In his loom the threads he
placed,
Tossed the shuttle through in
haste,
Treading too with busy feet,
Till the web was all complete.

Then the merchant with de-
light
Bought the linen fine and
white,
In his shop the web unrolled,
And the linen soon was sold.

Some the Baby's mother
bought,
Then with tender loving
thought
Shaped the Baby's shirt so
small,
Set with love the stitches all.

So the little shirt is here
Ready for the Baby dear;
But of all its story true
Not a thing the Baby knew!



THE STORY OF BABY'S BLANKET.

Once a little Baby,
On a sunny day,
Out among the daisies
Took his happy way.
Little lambs were frisking
In the fields so green,
While the fleecy mothers
All at rest were seen.

For a while the Baby
Played and played and
played ;
Then he sat and rested
In the pleasant shade.
Soon a Sheep came near him,
Growing very bold,
And this wondrous story
To the Baby told :





“Baby’s little blanket,
Socks and worsted ball,
Winter cap and mittens,
And his flannels all,
And his pretty afghan
Warm and soft and fine,
Once as wool were growing
On this back of mine!

“And the soft bed blankets,
For his cosey sleep,
These were also given
By his friends, the sheep.”
Such the wondrous story
That the Baby heard:
Did he understand it?
Not a single word!





THE LITTLE STRANGER.

THE STORY OF BABY'S COTTON GOWN.



Sing ho ! for the planter
Who planted the cotton,
Sing ho ! for the sunny fields
Where it did grow !

Sing ho ! for the workers
Who gathered the treasure
From all the big buds
As they burst with its snow !

Sing ho ! the good spinner
Whose busy wheel turning
Then spun out the cotton
To thread strong and thin



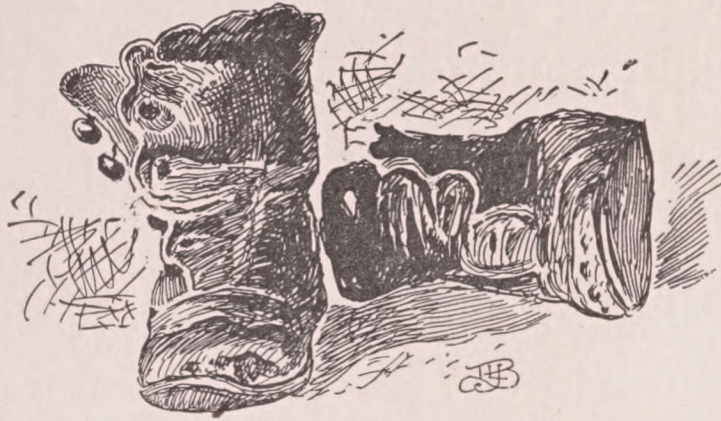
Sing ho! for the weaver
Who wove them together
Within his great loom —
Oh! the clatter and din!

Sing ho! for the merchant
Who sold the new cotton
To many a mother
In city and town.

Sing ho! for the mothers
And babies together,
For baby is dressed
In a new cotton gown.



THE STORY OF BABY'S SHOES.



'Mong the mountains far away,
Nibbling, browsing all the day,
Lived a kid with fine soft
skin —
Good for shoes for Babykin.

So the farmer, first, with speed
Sent the kid for Baby's need;
Then the tanner tanned the
skin
For the sake of Babykin.

Clip! the cobbler's shears did
go,
Clip! clip! clip! round top
to toe;



So he cut the leather thin
Shaping shoes for Babykin.

Tap! tap! tap! upon the last;
Stitch and stitch so strong and
fast;

Thus the cobbler made the skin
Into shoes for Babykin.

And when Baby's toes peeped
through

Dainty socks of pink and blue,
Kid shoes, shiny, soft and thin,
Mamma bought for Babykin.



THE STORY OF BABY'S SASH.

Grandmamma has brought a
gift

Beautiful as may be —
Such a dainty silken sash!
We must thank her, Baby.

"No," said Grandmamma, "for I
From the Merchant bought it."

"Thank me not," the Mer-
chant said,

"'Twas the Weaver brought it."

"Thanks to *me*!" the Weaver
cried,

"I can scarce believe it!
'Twas the Dyer gave the silk,
And *I* did but weave it."

To the Dyer, then, we'll go
Many thanks bestowing:





“For the *sash*! Why, I gave
naught
But its colors glowing.”

“Nor to me your thanks be-
long,”

Quickly said the Spinner;
“But I think I know the one
Who *should* be their winner.

“All the silken thread so fine —
Listen now! — I found it
In a Silkworm's small cocoon,
And from there unwound it!”

Here, then, was the sash begun;
So, though strange it may be,
'Twas the Silkworm, after all,
Gave the sash to Baby.



THE STORY OF BABY'S MUG.

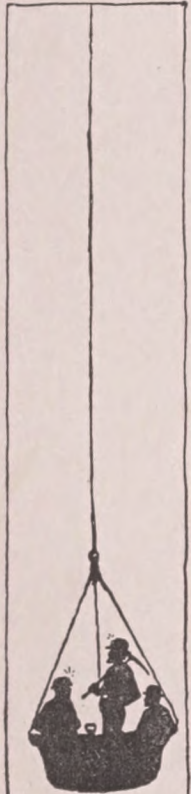
Silver comes to Baby soon —
Silver mug and silver spoon :
Sing a song of silver !

With a mountain first begin,
Where the silver hides within :
Sing a song of silver !

Dull and rough the rocks ap-
pear ;
Who would think a treasure
here ?
Sing a song of silver !

Sing the mines as dark as
night,
Sing the miner's little light :
Sing a song of silver !

Digging, digging, day by day,
So the miner works away :
Sing a song of silver !



Swinging, from the mines be-
low,
Up the loaded baskets go:
Sing a song of silver!

Sing the fire's flash and roar,
Silver gleams in melting ore:
Sing a song of silver!

Silver sleeping in the mould,
And the rest is quickly told:
Sing a song of silver!

Shapen is the silver soon—
Silver mug or silver spoon:
Sing a song of silver!



SILVERWARE

MUGS
A
SPECIALTY



THE STORY OF BABY'S PLATE.

Near and far away
The Potter sought for clay
Till the finest he had found,
And this finest, finer ground.

Then, with careful hand,
Measured marl and sand;
Softened all with water, then
Mixed and ground, and ground
again.

Ready then, the clay
Tough and plastic lay,
Till beside his wheel he stood
Where he shaped it as he
would.

Swift his wheel did turn,
Shaping vase or urn;
Toiled the Potter, early, late,
Shaping pitcher, cup or plate.

When they all were done,
Then he dried each one;



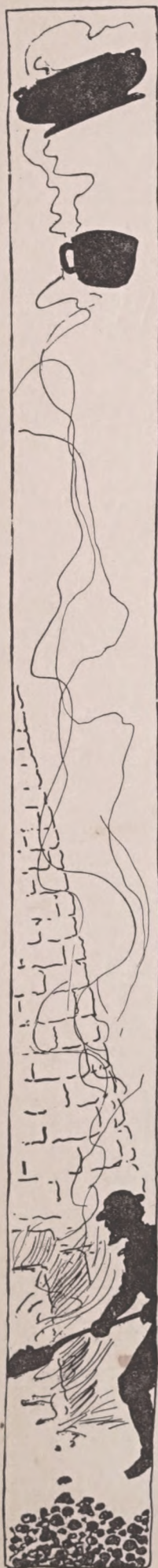
Packed in ovens all, to bake—
Harder still the clay to make.

Harder grew the clay,
While, both night and day,
Faithful men the fires fed,
Kept them glowing fiercely red.

When the clay had grown
Firm and hard as stone,
'Neath the Potter's hand there
grew
Other wonders strange and
new.

Dipped in glazing white
Soon the ware shone bright!
Decked with patterns gilt and
gay
One could scarcely think it
clay!

Furnace heat again
Hardened all, and then
Finished was the labor great—
There was Baby's China Plate!



THE STORY OF BABY'S BREAD.

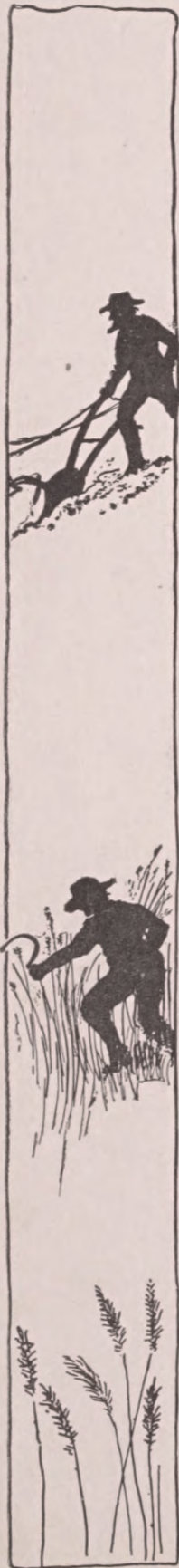
(The mother speaks.)

Help, Neighbors, help !
For our bread, good Neighbors,
Please to lend your labors —
Help, Neighbors, help !

Drive, Plowman, drive !
Keep the plowshare steady,
Make the wheat field ready —
Drive, Plowman, drive !

Speed, Farmer, speed !
Sow the wheat and tend it,
To the Miller send it —
Speed, Farmer, speed !

Grind, Miller, grind !
By the mill-stream's power
Grind the wheat to flour —
Grind, Miller, grind !



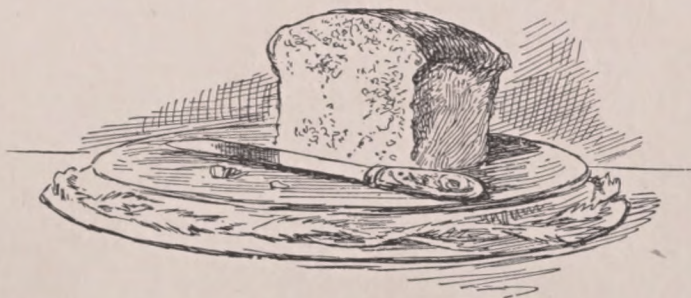
Haste, Baker, haste!
Here's the flour — take it,
Sift and mix and bake it —
Haste, Baker, haste!

(The neighbors speak.)

See, Mother, see!
By our labors granted,
Here's the bread you wanted —
See, Mother, see!

(The mother speaks again.)

Thanks, Neighbors, thanks!
Baby, too, un-knowing,
Many thanks is owing —
Thanks, Neighbors, thanks!



THE STORY OF BABY'S PLAY-THINGS.

Said the Ivory Ring:
 "I can tell a strange thing
 That perhaps you don't know;
 But — a long time ago —
 In an Elephant's tusk did this
 ivory grow."

Said the new Noah's Ark
 With its animals: "Hark!
 If your wooden toys please,
 You must thank the good
 Trees,
 For they give all the wood to
 make such things as these."

Said the big Rubber Ball:
 "Yes, and that is not all!
 For a Tree far away
 Gave its sap — so they say —
 To make soft rubber toys for
 the wee Babies' play."



Said the little Tin Pail :
 "And now I'll tell a tale !
 'Twas the Miner who found
 Me at first underground,
 And the Tinsmith who made
 me so shiny and round."

Said the pretty pink Shell ;
 " Many things I could tell
 Of the wonderful Sea
 Where my home used to be,
 And the queer little creature
 who once lived in me ! "

Baby dear, it is true !
 All mankind works for you ;
 And the Creatures and Trees,
 And the Earth and the Seas,
 One and all give up something
 the Baby to please.



THE STORY OF BABY'S PICTURE-BOOK.



One day I went strolling —
And what did I see?
A man who was busy
As busy could be.

They called him an Artist,
And all that he saw
He could with his pencil
Most cunningly draw.

Cats, kittens and doggies,
Birds, butterflies, bees,
Hens, chickens and horses,
And flowers and trees,



And houses and churches,
And sun, moon and stars,
And sailboats and steamships,
And engines and cars,

And people and children,
At work and at play,
This Artist could draw
In a wonderful way !

And why was he working
From morning till night?
Why, just to make pictures
For Baby's delight !



THE STORY OF BABY'S CRIB.

There once was a Tree, Baby
dear,
And it grew and grew
Till the sky so blue
Seemed right at its top, Baby
dear.

A Man brought an ax, Baby
dear,
And he chopped and
chopped
Till the branches dropped
And crash! fell the tree, Baby
dear.

Away to the mill, Baby dear,
Did the Tree go then,
And the busy Men
Sawed it up into boards, Baby
dear.



The Carpenter worked, Baby
dear,
With a saw again,
And his hammer and plane,
And made you a Crib, Baby
dear.

Papa brought it home, Baby
dear;
And so, from the Tree
There has come, you see,
Your own little Crib, Baby
dear!



THE STORY OF BABY'S PILLOW.

These are the Eggs that were
put in a nest;
These are the Goslings in yellow down drest.

This is the Farm-yard where,
living in peace,
All the young Goslings grew
up to be Geese.

Here's the Goose-family waddling about —
In a procession they always
walk out.

This is the Farmer who said,
“Every Goose
Now has some feathers on,
ready for use.”



This is the Farmer's Wife,
plucking with care
All of the feathers the Geese
can well spare.

This is the Pillow the Mer-
chant displayed:
"Yes, of the finest Goose-
feathers 'tis made."

This is the Mother who put on
its case,
Laid the wee Pillow away in
its place.

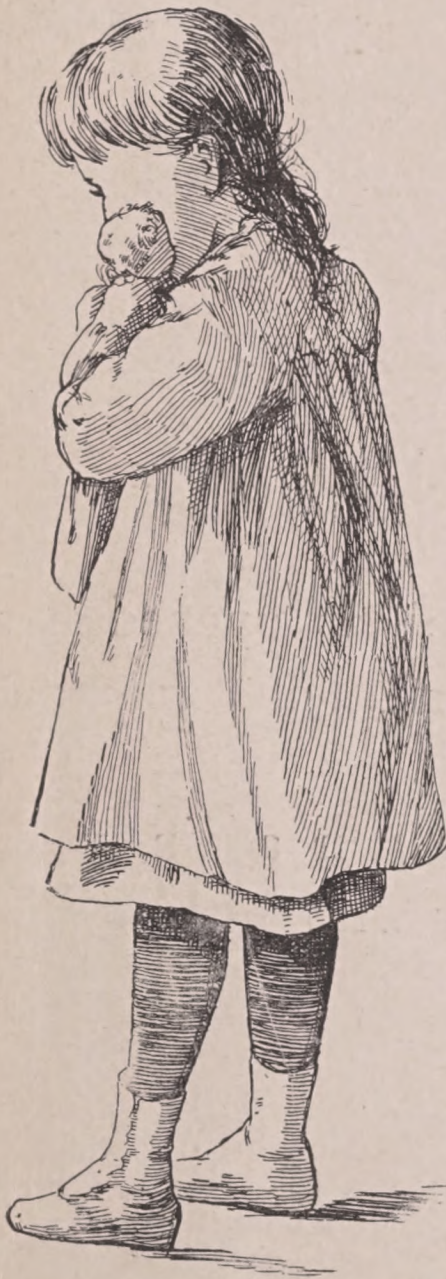
This is the Crib with its fur-
nishings white,
This the dear Baby who bids
you "Good-night."





THE SURPRISE.

ELSA'S DOLLY.



“What is it, my darling? Why do you cry? I thought you were playing tag so happily with Nero,” called little Elsa’s mother, putting her head out of the window.

On the lawn stood a little girl with her apron up to her eyes, crying as if her heart would break. From one hand hung the limp body of a doll, while a big romping dog stood by, wagging his tail and looking as if eager to have the fun begin again.

But Nero’s fun had caused great grief to Elsa, and when she heard her mother’s voice she sobbed out, “Nero has bitten Julie; bitten her head dreadfully!”

“Julie’s head, my precious? O, Nero! for shame! But, dearie, he didn’t mean to do any harm. Dogs don’t understand about dollies. Bring Julie in and let me see her.”

So Elsa went into the house, while Nero strayed off to the kitchen door and laid himself down in the sun.

Ah! what a beauty poor Julie had been, with her beautiful wax head crowned with golden curls! And her eyes, that could open and shut! Elsa used to put her to sleep and

wake her again many times a day, just for the pleasure of seeing the sweet blue eyes close and then open again. Could it be that all this happiness was at an end? But what a delightful being a mother is! Elsa's mother first washed Julie nicely; then her lips and cheeks and eyebrows had a touch of paint, so that the face looked as smiling and rosy as before; and next, the yellow hair was brushed and curled; last of all, the head was fastened on; and there was Julie as fresh and sweet as ever.

When Elsa took her, Julie's eyes turned upward with a soft glance and Elsa cried:

"O, mamma! She is well again! She has opened her eyes! Now I must put her to sleep. What a good mamma you are!

"But I will never let Nero play with you again, poor little Julie! He is a fine old fellow to play with little girls; but he is too rough for dollies, isn't he?"





THE ENDLESS STORY.

A tiny drop of water
Within the ocean lay ;
A coaxing sunbeam caught her
And bore her far away ;
Up, up — and higher still — they go
With gentle motion soft and slow.

A little cloud lay sleeping
Upon the azure sky ;
But soon she fell a-weeping
As cold the wind rushed by,
And cried and cried herself away —
It was a very rainy day !

The little raindrops sinking
Ran trickling through the ground,
And set the rootlets drinking
In all the country round ;
But some with laughing murmur said,
“ We'll farther go ; ” and on they sped.

A little spring came dripping
The moss and ferns among,
A silver rill went tripping
And singing sweet along,
And calling others to its side,
Until it rolled — a river's tide!

And with the ocean blending
At last its waters run.
“Then is the story ending?”
Why, no! 'tis just begun —
For in the ocean as before,
The drop of water lay once more.



THE EMPTY BIRD-HOUSE.

I. — The Little Boy Wonders.



“WHY DON'T THE BIRDIES COME, MAMMA?”

“I wonder why the birds won't
come

And live in their nice little home.

'Twas really built for them, I
know —

You know, mamma, you told me
so —

It's snug and pretty as can be;
And why they don't come, I can't
see.

“They know we haven't any cat,
So they can't be afraid of that;

And nobody would harm them here,
For we all love the birdies dear —
It's surely safe as safe can be;
And why they don't come, I can't see.

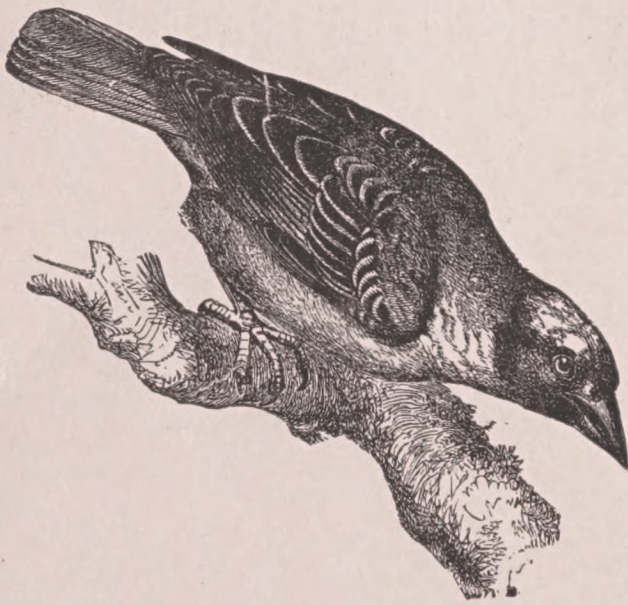
“What feasts of crumbs I'd often give
If they would but come here to live,
And water always fresh and clear
Is in the lovely lake so near;
Just what they like is here, you see —
Whatever can the trouble be?”

II. — *The Little Bird Explains.*

“O! such a pretty house, I know!
My mate and I would love to go
And live in it the whole year long
And pay the rent with sweetest song;
It's snug and pretty as can be;
BUT—it's too near the nursery!

“Why, every morning, noon and night
The noise would drive us crazy quite.

So empty must the bird-house stand,
For not a bird in all the land
Would ever come in it to stay
While there's such crying every day.



“BUT—IT'S TOO NEAR THE NURSERY!”

“It isn't *both* the little boys,
But only *one* makes such a noise.
They say he's five years old and
more —

But if you chanced to hear him roar
Whenever he is washed each day,
'A *big, big baby*' you would say.

“And crying at his bath! A bird
Thinks that of all things most absurd.
Why! any birdie, children dear,
Would be ashamed to shed a tear —

And so we couldn't bear, you see,
To live so near this nursery.

“We wouldn't mind the happy noise
Of fifty little girls and boys—
We love to hear them laugh and play;
But naughty screams drive us away.
So if you wish to win the birds
Keep back the angry cries and words.

“And we will surely find it out
As we go flying all about,
And gladly will we flutter near
When only pleasant sounds we hear,
And then some day *perhaps* you'll see
The bird-house will not empty be.”



A WISE FELLOW.



DOES SHE LIKE BUTTER?

Buttercup yellow,
You're a gay fellow!
Does she like butter? You
must now show.

Don't make a blunder!
I'll hold you under —
Right underneath her chin.
There you are—so!

Yes, it *is* yellow!
O, you wise fellow!
She *does* like butter—but how
did *you* know?





BABY WANTS TO PLAY.

A LITTLE BOY'S JOKE.



A hungry old spider, her web all complete,
Was waiting one morning for something to
eat.

Far back in the corner, so cunning and sly,
She hid herself thinking, "A bug or a fly,
Or some other insect will soon pass this way,
I'll have him for dinner — I'm hungry to-day."

So there sat the spider, with sharp appetite,
Far back in the corner, away out of sight.
Not very long after she felt the web shake,
And went in a hurry, her dinner to take.
"A big fellow, surely, I'll have a great feast,
He'll do for a dinner and breakfast at least."

The hungry old spider, so cruel and sly,
Now reached the web center — but what did she spy?
No poor little insect is caught in her snare,
'Twas only a *rose* she found hanging there.
And just at that minute a little boy spoke: —
"Aha! you old spider! I've played you a joke!"

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